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ARIZONA SUNSHINE



ALVIN K.
STABLER.



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ARIZONA SUNSHINE

By Alvin K. Stabler

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Phoenix, Arizona

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CLAS 16528

To all lovers of
Arizona
this book is dedicated

PROEM

O HAD I were a poet, a painter,
An artist, sculptor—all in one
And maker too, of songs sublime,
And one whose skill with magic touch
Weave sounds into transporting melodies!
Oh, if I had the noblest powers
That ever thrilled in human life,
And made men's eyes in frenzy roll,
I could in this great Southwest land
Find themes and inspirations bold,
And worthy of them all.

Phoenix, Arizona,

A. K. S.

November, 1915

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Arizona Sunshine

A FIDDLER

AN old-time fiddler once was called
A player of a violin;
Surprised was he to be thus called,
And then—he thought in fun they'd been.

"Please do not call me that," he said,
"Unless you mean it as a riddle;
I cannot play a violin,
I merely play a fiddle."

And, in a way, I feel the same,
Though I do not indulge the thought
That anyone will be misled
To call these *poems* which I've wrought.

They may, however, safely be
Called "pomes" or something littler;
I cannot play a Muse's harp,
I'm nothing but a fiddler.

But if my fiddling brings a smile
To any face, or drives a care
From any heart, then I shall feel
I have a crown that's rich and rare.

OUR CREED

We believe in Arizona;
We believe her future's bright;
We believe she's headed straightway
From the darkness toward the light.

We believe in her resources,
In her mountains, in her plains,
In her timber, rivers, pastures,
In her climate,—all she claims.

We believe in Arizona's
Men and women, boys and girls;
They possess the faith and soul of
That great old mountains, canyons, mesas.

They possess the brain and sinew
For the work that must be done
To build up an empire mighty,
With a place that's in the sun.

AN AWFUL DREAM

I dreamed an awful dream last night;
It makes me shiver even now;
Indeed, my heart almost stands still,
And cold sweat breaks upon my brow.

It was no dream of foulest crime
That sent me to a felon's cell,
Nor loss of wealth nor accident
Like falling down a deep, dark well.

It was not sickness or hard death.
"Then what? Oh, what could it have
been
To drive you to such frenzy now,
And set you trembling in each limb?"

No, none of these. Far worse, far worse!
'Twas living death, to say the least,
To one of Arizona's sons—
I dreamed I had to move back East.

A SAFE PRISON

I N Arizona's early days,

When men grew bold, and made merry,
They were not sentenced to the jail—

 Their sentence read—"The Cemetery."

And it is said (I think it's true)

 That from this prison, grim and cold,
There never has been one escape,

 There never has been one paroled.

AN OLD TIMER'S LAMENT

WELL, well, 'tis come at last, at last!
Old Arizony's met her fate.
The Territory 's gone, done gone,
And now we're nothin' but a state.

A state! Some people seem to think
That livin' in a state will be
Improvement over what we've had,
But just you wait awhile and see.

They'll be a-makin' up some laws
Destructive of our liberties
And rights that 's strictly personal—
A lot of stuff that 's only fizz.

First thing you 'll know the women 'll
Be wantin' fer to vote, I lay;
And then they 'll try to oust saloons,
And take our games and guns away.

A state 's not what 's cracked up to be;
A territory 's just the stuff,
That is, the kind we used to have
Back in the eighties. Little rough?

Well, yes. But in them days we had
No lookin' up one's pedigree,
No questions asked, no nosin' round—
We all went in society.

The laws was made right on the spot
To meet the needs of every case,
And executed swift and just—
No long delays for one to face.

We used the graveyard for a jail,
And none broke out when once put in.
State laws and jails and courts and sech
Ain't like it for preventin' sin.

I've seen it comin' many days,

This statehood bizness and its train:
We've been a-apein' back East ways
For years, with nothin' to our gain.

'Twas well nigh thirty years ago

I left the back East states. Why? Why,
Just to get away from—from them
Old foggy days. That 's not a lie.

This state 's not what 's cracked up to be:

Old Arizony 's met her fate.
The good old days are gone—they 're gone,
I'll hunt a place more up to date.

HOT-AIR ARTISTS

“CLIMATE, climate” is their boasting;
“Sunshine, sunshine ev’ry day;
Just one round of brilliant glory—”
That is what they all will say.

They will tell you there are millions
In a small five-acre tract
Or a hole back in the mountains—
All they need is to be backed.

They have mines, too, that for riches
Fairly stagger one’s belief;
They have also some promoters
Who bring tenderfeet to grief.

Let me tell you as a father—
Not as one who’s finding fault—
Listen to the things they tell you,
But ’twill need a little salt.

I have seen it rain like blazes,
I’ve been chilled through to the bone.
I have sweltered in the sunshine,
But such things they will not own.

I have seen some mines that turned out
To be nothing more or less
Than a hole that had been salted,
And brought nothing but distress.

Take it from your uncle Jimmy
That they’ll tell you things not true;
But they’ll tell it in a manner
That would snare a Greek or Jew.

They are artists, natural artists,
When it comes to handling words;
They have tongues of magic smoothness—
Smoother than the coo of birds.

They are cunning, but they're harmless
If you're only on your guard,
But beware, beware, my brother,
If they want you for a pard.

LIFE! REAL LIFE!

WE live! in Arizona, live!
And ev'ry hour's a royal treasure.
We live outdoors 'neath sun-lit skies
And breathe pure air: oh, what a
pleasure!

Oh it's a joy just to exist!
When ev'ry fibre is a tingling
With energy and strength and health
In equal parts commingling.

With ev'ry breath there comes new life,
A life that thrills, a life magnetic,
A life that surges in the heart,
A life that bounds, a life prophetic—

Prophetic of that life beyond,
Where neither sickness nor dark sorrow
Enters in to mar one's joy—
That sun-lit land of God's Tomorrow.

Oh, it is joy just to exist!
Beneath these cloudless skies, unbroken:
To breathe this air and feel the thrill
Of nature's forces in the open!

THE ARIZONA SPIRIT

SPIRIT of this great, new state!
That broods o'er man and land,
That's of the mountains, wild and wide,
The desert, and the clear, blue dome above—

Spirit of this great, new state!
Free and unhampered by the past,
That looks the future in the face
And grasps its possibilities—

Spirit of this great, new state!
That bounds forth to its task,
That conquers forces that oppose
And makes them captive to its ends—

Spirit of this great, new state!
That dreams an empire just beyond,
That dares and does and never halts
At difficulties how'er great—

Spirit of this great, new state,
Rev'ling in the strength of youth
And dreaming dreams of wealth,
With ne'er a thought of failure—

Spirit of this great, new state!
Thy conquest ne'er will know defeat,
The mountains, desert, and the streams
Will bow to thee, their conqueror,
And out of sands and barren hills
Will rise an empire, worthy, great,
Rich and commanding, and a joy—
Spirit of this great, new state!

WHEN THE SPRINGTIME COMES A
LAUGHIN'

WHEN the Springtime comes a-laughin'
'Cross the valleys and the hills,
An' old Winter goes a runnin'
From the meadows an' the rills.

Then I feel a mighty pullin',
Yes, and callin' of the wild,
And I jes drop work an' sech like,
And go off an' be a child.

Jes go off to some lone hillside,
Where the sunshine strikes it square,
And lie down and stretch out, stretch out.—
Oh, that's livin', and to spare.

Pull my hat down o'er my forehead,
Wear it on my nose and chin,
And lie still and grin and chuckle,
While the sunshine's soakin' in.

Listen to the soft wind's murmur
In the branches of the trees;
Smell the perfume of the wild flower
And the clover in the breeze.

Hear the chirrip of the birds and
Also dronin' of the bees
And the cacklin' of the farm hens
And the quackin' of the geese.

Jes lie still and let the sunshine
Soak in, till a million miles
Of it's been absorbed and relished,
And my skin—it almost biles.

Then turn over for the other

Side to get its share—keep mum!

For when Springtime's sun is soakin'

In you—say, that's livin' some.

When the Springtime comes a-laughin'

Over valley, over hill,

I jes drop my work, an' go off:

Satisfaction? To my fill!

THE DEVIL IN ARIZONA

THE Devil when cast out of heaven,
Sought for himself another home;
The stellar worlds he first explored,
He up and down these all did roam.

On Neptune, Saturn, nor the rest
Found he a spot exactly right
For doing business in his line.
Too cold were they. He chose no site.

The sun he tried, but even it,
Though darting flames of sulph'rous fire,
He found too cool, indeed, too cold,
To satisfy his raging ire.

He then went forth on wing again
And soared around about in space,
Until at length his eye caught sight
Of what he thought the very place.

'Twas Arizona that he saw,
And straightway to that spot he flew;
He chuckled to himself with glee,
As to the place he nearer drew.

'Twas early morning when he lit,
And disappointment reigned supreme;
He found a coolness and delight
That made him fume, that made him
scream.

But by and by the sun came up;
It was the month of August, and
The sky was clear, no cloud in sight
To shelter man or beast or sand.

"Oh, here's the place!" he said with vim,

"That I've so long and fondly sought;

Oh, here's the place," he said again,

"It's really hot, it's really hot.

"Oh, how I'll make the sinners squirm!

When to this place the thousands come;

I'll make them simmer, stew, and fry;

Oh, won't that be a lot of fun?"

'Twas early morning even yet

When he went forth for a survey

Of this, to him, a perfect land

For doing business in his way.

A scorpion crawled near his path

With tail flung at the highest insect;

"Oh, what is this?" the Devil said,

And firmly took it in his grasp.

The scorpion then got in its work,

And Mr. Devil gave a yell

That shook the mountains and the earth—

"'Twas heard from heaven unto— hell!"

In agony he made a leap

To get away from such a tail,

and down he came all in a lump

Upon a cactus bed. A gale—

A storm of cuss-words he let fly,

And made another mighty leap.

Alas, alas, the cat-claw now

Hooked in his hide, and then was quite.

He raged, he swore, he tore like mad,

He frothed and fumed and squealed,

A centipede now touched his flesh,

And from the bone it quickly peeled.

A rattlesnake next took a turn,
And when they all had gotten through,
Old Nick was feeling sick and sad,
And he was black and mighty blue.

All this took place 'fore nine o'clock;
At twelve, the sun was at full blast;
At one, his hair began to singe;
At three, he knew he could not last.

He turned his tail upon the place,
And spread his wings for rapid flight;
He disappeared from view at once,
And it was yet long until night.

Of Arizona he'd enough;
Up and away he went pell mell;
For even him it was too much,
That's why he organized in hell.

Such was the thought in former days,
Such were the stories that were told,
But since the facts have come to light,
Traducers are not quite so bold.

The facts reveal that man and beast
And Devil, too, for all of that,
Live here in comfort ev'ry day,
And roll in luxury and fat.

THE PLACKET

HOW dear to my heart are those days
of my childhood
Which fond recollection presents to my
view,
Those days without care and those days full
of pleasure,
When dresses were short and not cut in two.
But now that I'm grown, and must dress
like a woman,
I've scarcely a moment that's not full of
dread
And tortures like nightmares, and all on
account of
My pesky old placket, I fear that has
spread—

A wide-open placket, a wild-glaring placket,
A tormenting placket, I fear that has spread.

Prometheus, with vultures attacking his
vitals,

Nor martyrs that lit up the city of Rome,
Ne'er suffered the torment that women do
daily

Whene'er they go out from the confines of
home.

If into the temple I go to my worship,
I'm haunted by fiends that drive worship
away;

They whisper, "your placket" (that's where
I can't see it)

"Might gap if you bow," therefore I can't
pray—

A wide-open placket, a wild-glaring placket,
A tormenting placket, therefore I can't pray.

Or, if to the city I go on a street car—
Those cars which have seats with their end
to the wall

And backs made of spindles,—a horrid
idea—

(I hope the inventor wears plackets, that's
all)

I feel of my placket as soon as I'm seated,
And though it feels proper, I ever recall
That maybe I felt of a plait for the placket,
And grinning it is in the full gaze of all—

A wide-open placket, a wild-glaring placket,
A tormenting placket, in full gaze of all.

If women, a hundred, assemble together,
And everyone's placket's all right except
one,

The ninety and nine that are safe in the
folding

Will feel of their plackets as quick as a
gun.

The sight of a placket that's not in right
order

Will strike consternation throughout a great
crowd,

And drive from their minds the last vestige
of pleasure

Until it's corrected—what pain to the proud!

A wide-open placket, a wild-glaring placket,
A tormenting placket—what pain to the
proud!

I've buttoned it, hooked it, and pinned it
together,

And made it secure as a burglar proof bank,
But only to find it, when least I expected,
With jaws standing open, and teeth gleam-
ing rank.

I've heard of a crown that belongs to the
'flicted,

I've heard of a robe that belongs to them,
too,

And happy it makes me to know that it's
perfect,

That means, without placket—I'll win it,
won't you?

No wide-open placket, no wild-glaring
placket,

No tormenting placket—I'll win it, won't
you?

APPRECIATION

“BREATHES there a man with soul so
dead,
Who never to himself hath said:”
Thank God! our fathers, mighty men,
Bearded the Desert in his den,
And wrested from his deadly grip
These acres, broad, this lovely strip?
Thank God! these men, a brave, true lot—
Men with a will and a coffee pot,
Ne’er failed nor faltered till they saw
The cactus gone and the Desert’s paw.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:”
Thank God! I’ve lived myself, to be
In Phoenix, Mesa, or Tempe?
Thank God! the Fates have cast my lot
In this oasis, beauty fraught?
Thank God for its fertility,
Soft winds and stern hostility
To the White Plague and other ills,
To doses, nostrums and bad pills?

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:”
Thank God! there’s such a spot—a ground
Which Winter never yet has found,
But where sweet Summer reigns supreme
The whole year through—delightful queen?
Thank God! when others shiver, freeze,
Our roses bloom; birds fill our trees;
And oranges and grape-fruit, fair,
Hang, balls of gold; perfume the air!

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said :"
Thank God ! our good old Uncle Sam
Has built for us the Tonto dam,
And driven grim old Doubt away,
And sent Good Cheer with us to play ?
Thank God ! the future is secure,
Good crops and health and wealth are sure :
And ere a few short years have flown,
A Paradise will be our home !

P H O E N I X

P H O E N I X the beautiful,
Phoenix the golden;
City of palm trees and
Flowers. Behold them!

Phoenix, with magical
Growth and devotion;
Queen of the desert
'Tween ocean and ocean.

Phoenix, O Phoenix!
Oh what's thy attraction
That doubles thy numbers
With lightning-like action?

What genius resides there?
What fairies preside?
What wizard bewitches
The whole countryside?

Scarce one who stops over,
If but for an hour,
Who does not fall victim
To Phoenix' strange power.

Perhaps he moves onward,
But only to say,
"I expect to return soon,
And then I will stay."

O Phoenix, O Phoenix,
Thy charm is compelling,
Magnetic, resistless,
Indeed, overwhelming!

Thy spirit's enchanting,
Thy people are fine,
Thy hopes and ideals
Thrill like a rich wine.

O city, bedecked by
Thy millions of flowers!
No season's without them,
Perfumed are all hours.

Adorned by thy shade trees
And top-lofty palms,
A spirit broods o'er all,
That sooths and becalms.

Embraced by the mountains,
O'er-arched by those skies
That rarely dim sunlight
Or close the night's eyes—

Be-fanned by a south wind,
That's gentle and mild
And soft and bewitching's
The coo of a child—

This mystical dreamland,
This Vale of Tempe,
This Garden of Allah,
Calls ever to me.

A REVERIE

"That there is any real popular demand throughout the country for Arizona and New Mexico to come and help govern the nation at large we do not for an instant believe.

* * * * *

We have not seen any cogent argument to show that the people of New Mexico and Arizona will greatly benefit the nation as a whole by helping to govern it."

—The July Outlook.

SO Arizony's quite unfit
To set among the sovereign states
And help to make the laws, by gum.
Like them down East, them heavyweights.

No "cogent argument," says they's,
Been seen to show that we out here
Will any great advantage be
In helpin' govern—that's quite clear.

Our people hain't as yet showed that
They'll be much credit to the rest.
But sence God made us, probably
They'll let us in, although a pest.

Now that they've brung it to my mind,
I see it's been a huge mistake.
For us who're lowly, weak—aye vile!
Into such company to break.

'Twere better, yes, 'twere better far
That we had lost, and wept and pined;
Humiliating it will be
To see how far we are behind.

We hain't no reputation for to boast,
Nor goodness nor ability,
And low, it's low we'll hang our heads
When we in Congress get to be.

Yes, low with shame we'll hang our heads
In presence of them holy states
That's been there, lo, these many years—
That's pure and true like ~~the~~ Golden Gates.

There's Old New York, with Tammany
And Albany—them spotless seers!
We'll hang our heads when down by her
We sit. Yes, yes, shed bitter tears.

And there is Pensylvany, too,
So rich in goodness—known world-wide;
We haint got no sech Capitol,
A thing of beauty, thing of pride.

And, then, there's also Illinoy,
The grand old state of Honest Abe;
No bribe can tempt her noble sons;
Her officers are purely made.

But what's the use to name them all,
Them good old states whose character's
Been proved and tested by long years?
Small wonder that sech fair actors

Should feel themselves chagrined, disgraced,
And gather up their holy skirts
At thought of one among them come
Dressed up in chaps and guns and quirts.

It were far better, I am sure,
Had Arizony but remained
Outside the sisterhood of states,
A land of outlaws, justly famed.

For when we go to that big meet
Up there in good old Washington
And set among the other states,
We'll feel unworthy, so undone!

We'll be so overpowered by them,
Their full-grown wings, their righteous
 mein,
That we'll just slink away and die,
Or smite ourselves, and cry, "unclean."

It were far better, better far!
To've kept within our lowly place
Than suffer by comparison
With them great ones who're full of grace.

AN ARIZONA APPETITE

SOME sing the praises of the man
Who first invented sleep;
Some sing of heroes and of war
That make the millions weep.

But I sing praises of the man,—
And it's a pure delight—
I sing of the inventor of
A good sharp appetite.

Away with gold, away with lands,
With fame and honor, bright;
Just give to me, and let it stay,
A good sharp appetite.

An appetite! An appetite!
That thing that seasons food
And makes the last bite of a meal
Just like the first, as good.

That thing that leads you on and on
To stuff and stuff and stuff
Until you're full as you can hold,
And yet "hain't" had enough.

"No room! No room!" dyspeptics cry,
Before most tempting food,
Or, "It will hurt me in the pit,"
As if by diels pursued.

"More room! More room!" cries he who has
A good, sharp appetite,
"I'm proof 'gainst pies and cakes and all
This riding mares at night."

AN OLD WOMAN IN A SHANTY

THERE was an old woman
Who lived in a shanty:
Her clothing was worn and
Her food was quite scanty.

She lived with a kitten,
With white, fleecy coat,
And with her dear Billy,
Which was her old goat.

There was an old man, and
He lived in a cabin
Not far from the shanty
Where things will soon happen.

He lived with a dog, that
Was black as could be:
And wooly and curly
And shaggy was he.

One day the man's doggie
Gave chase to the kitten
And scared it 'most crazy,
Although 'twas not bitten.

The woman was angry,
And ran for her pot
Of boiling hot water,
And spared the dog not.

He ran away yelping
And screaming and howling
Straight to the old cabin—
This set the man scowling.

Indeed, he 'gan cussing,
And straightway made tracks
To the little old shanty
To stop such attacks.

The little old woman
Was soothing her kitty
And nursing her wrath,
Though crooning a ditty.

"You scalded my doggie,"
Snapped out the old man,
"I wish I had killed him,
And will when I can,"

Thus shouted the woman.
"He chased my pet kitten
And scared her that badly
That near brought a fit on."

Just 'round the back corner
Stood Billy the goat,
With eye winking slyly,
Then sounding a note

Of help for his mistress,
He bounded away,
And 'fore the man knew it,
Was into the fray.

He caught the man squarely
Just back of the hips
And raised him clear over
The paling fence tips.

The little old woman
Laughed roundly and loudly,
And Billy— he strutted
Around, oh, so proudly!

The little old man then,
Regaining his feet,
Walked away madly—
He'd suffered defeat.

The dog nor his master
Again sought the shanty
To sport with the kitten
Or argue with Auntie.

THE HASSAYAMPA

STRANGER, stranger, have a care!
Let me now a tale unravel
That is strange, but worth the time
If you value truth or travel.

Drink not of the Hassayampa
Though of thirst you almost perish,
Though its waters are inviting,
Though your good it seems to
cherish.

Hassayampa's charged with magic;
'Twill transfer you in a moment
From a trav'ler to a settler,
And your morals it will foment.

They who drink of its strange waters,
Be they women, be they men,
Never from the state will wander,
Nor the truth will tell again.

So its said by a tradition
That is hory with long years,
And it's never been disproven
By the sages or the seers.

IT IS UNUSUAL

If it rains or if it snows,

It's unusual.

If it's calm or if it blows,

It's unusual.

If the frost makes short a crop

It's unusual.

If the price goes up or down,

It's unusual.

If the sun comes out in winter,

It's unusual.

If the wind comes from the Nor'wester,

It's unusual.

If the clouds are black and gray,

It's unusual.

If diseases are the way,

It's unusual.

And in fact, there's anything

That you would consider you,

If you're not already dying!

It's unusual.

UNCLE DAVID

UNCLE David was a pillar
In the Shiloh M. E. Church,
Which stood at the Falls Creek cross roads—
'Neath a bower of oak and birch.

Grim and silent, stood old Shiloh:
Day or night 'twas just the same,
'Cept on Sunday ev'ry two weeks
When the Circuit-Rider came.

Uncle David was a pillar:
He was also widely known
As the church's foremost sleeper—
Unexcelled by anyone.

Let the preacher be as noisy
As could be, or let him weep,
Uncle David, without failure
Always dropped off into sleep.

Backward, backward fell his bald head
Until it could fall no more,
Then he'd rest in blissful worship
'Till he 'gan to wheeze and snore.

Then some brother sitting near him
Quietly would nudge his arm,
And our dear old Uncle David
Would awake without alarm.

But the youngsters of the parish,
Always looking for some fun,
Winked and snickered at each other
When they saw "it coming on."

Sometimes Uncle David hastened
To his nap. He couldn't wait
Till the sermon had begun, for
It was sometimes very late.

So when they got down for prayer,
He would doze off, and would stay
Down upon his knees in slumber
Till a song had right of way.

Then he'd sneak up sheepishly,
And he'd settle in his pew,
And the youngsters nearly busted,
Being tickled through and through.

But the climax came unlooked for,
In a way we'll not forget;
It was thought 'twould stop the sleeping.
But not so—he's at it yet.

'Twas upon a Sunday morning,
And the day was sultry, hot,
That an urchin, Johnny Wilbur,
Had a bold, inspiring thought.

Just behind good Uncle David,
Johnny took his seat in church,
And he waited with much patience
For old Uncle's head to lurch.

Backward, backward slowly came it—
Just a little at a time—
Till his face was turned toward heaven,
And his breathing 'gan to rhyme.

Then his mouth spread open widely,
And he snored just one soft note,
When young Johnny, reaching forward,
Dropped a buckshot down his throat.

Uncle David choked and snorted,
Strangled, sputtered, and leaped up
Clawing at the air, and gasping,
"Water! Water! Bring a cup!"

Well, the upshot of the matter
Was that when he'd had a sup,
Consternation ran so highly
That it broke the meeting up.

But 'twas not the end for Johnny;
Johnny's father the next day
Played a part out in the woodshed—
"Played it well," so people say.

In the woodshed on that next day,
Johnny says that what he got
Showed him plainly it's not wisdom
For a boy to have buckshot.

OUR WOMEN LAW-MAKERS

I'VE just been to the Capitol
And seen the legislature set;
A finer looking lot than they
I never anywhere have met.

They might have come from Washington.
They might have come from ancient Rome,
Such is their strength and dignity
And interest in state and home.

They had an air of business
And settled to their work with vim;
Just like old hands they went at it,
And confidence marked her and him.

Did I say, "her?" yes, "her," by gad!
There is a *her* in either house,
And you may rest assured, you may,
They're not afraid of man or mouse.

And since I've come to think of it,
I see the hand of Providence
A-steering straight the ship of state
To save it from predicaments.

For what would happen if both *hers*
Had been elected to one house?
Flash! Drop the curtain! Out the lights!
Go scratch on wood—on olive boughs.

How wise and good is Providence!
How thoughtful and how kind!
Let all in reverence bow down
And worship humbly at His shrine.

But, by the way, with them apart—
One in the south hall, one in the north,—
They'll add much grace and dignity
And honor to our state henceforth.

All hail to these, our first females,
Who've sat within our honored halls!
Take off your hats to them, forsooth
They are not freaks, they are not dolls.

They're women of the finest type,
They've brains, acumen, and ideals;
They'll stand for all that's true and best;
Thus they impress one, thus one feels.

We welcome you, our sisters, fair,
We talked and worked to get the votes
To give you equal privileges,
To loose your shackles, break your yokes.

Who's who in Arizona now?
The men are merely men, not more;
The women press them hard for place:
The reign of man as lord is o'er.

COLD FEET

IT was in the warmth of summer,
In the lovely month of June
That we married, and were happy;
O'er each other we did croon.

Gently, sweetly flowed life's river;
Lovely flowers lined the shore;
It was heavenly, bliss seraphic,
And we wished for nothing more.

Then the summer changed to autumn,
And the winter followed soon,
But the warmth of our blest friendship
Did not wane, it did not swoon.

Many months we lived together;
Never once an icy blast
Swept across our happy pathway,
And we knew our joy would last.

But alas! there came a moment
When the sun dropped from the sky,
And my heart almost ceased beating—
Broken was our lovely tie.

'Twas a night of bitter coldness,
And my business kept me late
At my office working, working,
Never dreaming of my fate.

Chilled I was in bone and marrow,
Shivered, as I homeward sped,
Still my heart was beating gladly,
Thinking of a nice warm bed.

She was sleeping, oh so soundly!
And I softly crept to bed:
Easy was I with the covers,
But she slept as one who's dead.

All went well for a few minutes ;
I was snug and getting warm,
But without a moment's warning
Broke then forth a mighty storm.

Upward went the bed's thick covers ;
Out went I from my retreat,
Kicked and battered and surprised—
I had touched her with cold feet.

Holy Moses and Saint Patrick,
All the Saint's and angels too !
In a moment, in a jiffy
She became a fighting shrew.

In the main she is quite gentle,
A lovely creature, hard to beat,
But beware ! She is a vixen
If you touch her with cold feet.

OPTIMISM

IT'S a joy to see a Spirit
That sees brightness all about,
That believes the future's laden
With life's good, and has no doubt

That reward will come from labor,
And it pays to forge ahead;
That just out there in the morrow
Lies the goal to which it's wed.

To a Spirit of that order,
God and Angels and the Earth
Open wide their richest store-house
And give freely of their worth.

LET US OPE YOUR EYES

MAN of the world, anywhere,
Who thinks he lives in Paradise,
Just come to Arizona please,
And let us ope your eyes.

You think we have naught else out here
But sand and boundless skies;
Just spend a day or two with us,
And we will ope your eyes.

You think this land's for rattlesnakes,
Tarantulas, and flies?
You'll see how far you're from the mark
When we have oped your eyes.

We've mines and herds and forests, broad,
And farmland, rich as lies
Beneath the sun. And much besides
To open wide your eyes.

We've a society that's choice,
We've men who're worldly-wise,
They'll meet you on your chosen ground
And open up your eyes.

Perhaps you think that we're too small
To mingle with your size;
Well, try to skin us if you want,
And we will ope your eyes.

Man of the world, anywhere,
We have earth's choicest prize;
Come let us show you, will you not?
And we will ope your eyes.

TUCSON

TUCSON is endowed by Heaven
With a sunshine and an air
Unexcelled for red-blood building
On the footstool anywhere.

Ev'ry day pours out its riches,
Ev'ry night adds more and more
Till good health's exhilaration
Throbs in every cell and pore.

Tucson is old Nature's storehouse,
From which she dispenses health
To all comers, hourly, freely,
Be they poor or men of wealth.

Sheltered from the north wind's terror
By the mountain's mighty wall —
Open to the south winds, gentle,
Winters are like early fall.

Sun-lit days and skies of azure
Lure one to the out-of-doors
Where old Nature's healing potion
She so lavishly out-pours.

Oh! the hundreds and the thousands
Who have found here life and joy!
Gone's that weary, weary feeling,
Gone's all that which doth annoy.

How the days flow gaily onward!
How the heart sings a new song
Ev'ry morning, ev'ry ev'ning—
All the time—the whole day long!

Oh, the virtues of old Tucson!

She's tucked close to Nature's heart
As she nestles in the desert—
Master of the healing art!

Gloats not here the Grim Old Reaper:

Rusty, broken, lies his scythe;
Here Death's harvest does not ripen;
Here the White Plague does not thrive.

TOO OLD FOR CHRISTMAS

WELL, yes, I s'pose it had to come;
We couldn't keep them young forever,
But it's a loss when they "find out."

For Christmas comes again, no never.

It used to be at Christmastime,

That we would work and hide for keeping,
And listen—how our hearts stood still

At sounds up stairs where they were
sleeping!

Quick as a flash, out went the light.

And into things I went a-prying,
While mother, with her apron full,
Stood ready at the door for flying.

We walked tip-toe, we talked quite low,

And burned the midnight oil unsparing,
But that was life, yes, that was life.

For Santa Claus to be preparing.

But now—well now, it isn't as

It used to be when they were younger,
And mystery hung over all—

I wish it were. I have a hunger

For nights of vigilance and stealth,

For days of fond anticipation,

And then the crown of all our plans,

That sweet surprise—blest consumation!

It hardly seems like Christmastime,

To buy our gifts and give outright,

And not expecting Santa Claus—

It's not the same—not by a sight.

WHEN UNCLE WILLIAM SWORE

UNCLE William and his wife
Had lived together forty years.
With ne'er a harsh word or quarrel
To cause a flow of bitter tears.

At peace with all the world was he,
With animals and man and God;
His even temper was remarked
Whenever he his pathway trod.

The Ten Commandments he kept true,
And all Christ's teachings he observed;
A mighty man at prayer was he;
His life from duty never swerved.

His patience, it was always calm,
Though sometimes put to acid test;
Whatever happened, he would say,
"God knoweth best, God knoweth best!"

He'd suffered losses, he'd been sick,
And pain had racked him hard and fast;
His trusted friends had proved him false,
And sorrow o'er him shadows cast.

But Uncle William bore it all
With calmness and with fortitude;
Unruffled was he to the last,
For he had faith, and he was good.

He was a ballast to his friends
When they were tempest-tossed and mad,
And many were his neighbors round,
Whom he had saved from going bad.

Alas! Alas! how frail is man!

How quickly marred is beauty's face!
How after years of steadfast faith,
A good man sometimes falls from grace!

Uncle William had a son,
Who'd lived in Arizona long;
He'd written Uncle William oft,
In prose and highly rapt'rous song.

He'd sung the praises of the state,
He'd boosted it up to the skies,
He'd told of all that makes it great,
Of how it's God's last, greatest prize

Especially had he dwelt on
Its cloudless days, its lack of rain,
Its sandy soil, and no such mud
As that in Uncle William's lane.

Now, Uncle William fell for this,
And after many years of nice,
Alluring tales, he said one day,
"I'll visit this Great Paradise."

He'd tramped through mud up to his knees
For, lo, these many, many years;
He'd fed his stock in rain and snow,
And dug out mired-down steers.

He thought he'd like to see a place
Where "umberells" and slop and slush
Were out of fashion for a while—
Where roads and walks were not a mush.

So he and Mary Jane, his wife,
Like children with a new gained toy,
Made ready for their trip abroad
With great hilarity and joy.

Well, Uncle William and his wife
Arrived upon the very day
The "Long Rain" of the year fourteen
Set in and settled down to stay.

It rained, it drizzled, and it poured,
And then it rained and drizzled more.
And then it poured and rained again
For one day, two days, three days, four.

Now, Uncle William's son's house stood
Upon adobe soil. And all
Who know what "dobey" soil is like
Will have small wonder at his fall.

Religion, habit, nor aught else
Can stand the strain of dobey soil;
When it is wet clear through and through,
The troubled waters need much oil.

It is the stickiest stuff on earth;
It is the slipperiest known to man;
It makes the deepest mud e'er seen,
From Be-ersheba unto Dan.

The first day that the Long Rain fell,
To Uncle William 'twas a joke;
And with a twinkling eye, he said,
"Your gears or something must have
broke."

The second day, he looked askance;
The twinkle in his eye was gone,
And disappointment took its place—
A light upon him 'gan to dawn.

The third day, he was out of sorts;
He felt that he had been deceived:
That all this talk about sunshine
Was buncombe, rot, and he was peeved.

The fourth day, he was good and mad,
Mad through his whole two hundred
pounds ;

He'd traveled many a weary mile
Just to escape what here he found.

'Twas rain and mud and mud and rain,
Just slop and slush and slush and slop.
With not a sign seen anywhere
That it would ever, ever stop.

It was the last day of the rain,
That Uncle William fell from grace
And caused him, for the shame of it,
To hang his head and hide his face.

Penned up he'd been for four long days
Within the walls of his son's house,
Then came a little glint of light,
And so he thought he'd walk about.

But when his feet touched dobeey soil,
They straightway sped toward heaven,
And down came his two hundred pounds
And sunk in mud to inches seven.

Great was the fall of him that day ;
His head struck first, and then his ham :
His pure and pent-up soul gave way,
And he yelled out, "By d——! by d——!"

BE STILL, O HEART!

BE still, O heart, it cannot be;
Those days long past are gone—are
gone;
But recollection is at work—
Be still!—it broodeth like the dawn.

Behold the first dim rays of light
Of fancy hov'ring o'er the past!
Behold the outlines, dull as yet,
Of other days as they take cast!

Be still, for soon they'll clearer grow.
And stand out boldly, bright, and fair,
And you shall see, and mingle with
Them as of old when free from care.

Oh yes, 'tis true, I see! I see!
'Tis not unlike the break of day;
The past is coming back again,
And I am living far away.

I see the hills and hear the birds
Sing gaily in the forest trees;
I see the meadow and the creek;
I hear it ripple, and on knees

I stoop and drink beneath the shade.
And now I feel the shivers, cold,
Run up and down as I dive in
The swimming-hole. 'Tis joy untold!

And now 'tis butch'ring time again;
I rise up early. Whew! its cold!
I hear a shot, I hear a squeal,—
Our winter's meat's dragged from the
fold.

The kettle's hanging from a pole,
The wood fire leaps about it high,
A gust of wind takes hold the smoke,
And whisks it smarting in my eye.

And there's the apple butter crock,
Chock-full, clear up unto the brim;
'Tis good old cider butter, black—
Oh, how it puts a boy in trim

When spread upon a slice of bread
As broad as any man's two hands,
So thick, yes thick, that when bit through,
Up one's mouth and nose it stands.

And now I hear the popping corn
Within a deep iron dinner pot,
And butter sizzling in its depth—
Ah, it is fresh and crisp and hot!

I eat a handful, now a quart,
And now a gallon, more or less,
But, with it all, no taste is lost—
Don't stop for that, but for distress.

The last's as good as the first bite,
To stop is like some awful doom,
But facts are facts, and must be told—
I stop because I lack the room.

Ah, what is this that now I see?
It is the schoolhouse on the hill,
And there is Lucy, Mary, Jane,
And there is Jim and Sam and Bill.

But wait!—the schoolhouse slowly fades
Away, and in its stead's the church;
And Jim and Mary and the rest—
(On face and clothing not a smirch)

Dissolve, a part the shifting scene.

The playground, too, shares a like fate,
And reappears the churchyard now,

With sombre headstones and a date.

I hear the dropping of the clods,

I feel the hot tears slowly run,

I shrink away, with terror, struck,

I'll miss them, miss them, every one.

Be still, O heart, those days are gone.

The present is thy field to till;

'Tis but a fancy brings them forth.

Be still, O heart, be still! Be still!

Well,—let them go. It may be best

One's *present* duties to fulfill,

But, when one's old and all alone—

Be still, O heart, be still! Be still!

EYES AND BEES

O H those beautiful, beautiful eyes!
They were large and bright and clear:
Enough of witchery in them was
To make me cry, "My sweetheart—dear."

Then came a bee, a honey bee.

'Twas hunting sweetness, rich and rare:
It saw those lovely eyes, and lit—
And, now, ye gods, oh what a pair!

THE MIRAGE

REMORSELESSLY the sun beat down,
With all its brilliance, all its strength;
The sands were heated seven-fold,
The winds were scorched, their breadth,
their length.

A man went halting, stumbling o'er
The desert on that awful day,
His canteen empty, and his tongue
Was parched and swollen, and it lay

A piece of lead within his throat.
He gasped, he struggled for his breath,
But struggling did not bring relief,
He was within the grasp of Death.

Just then a shim'ring light was seen
Not far ahead of where he stood;
It was the glinting of a wave,
A lake danced forth, all fringed with
wood.

His bleared eyes were brilliant now;
He ran, he shouted, "Saved! I'm saved!"
A new life surged in ev'ry nerve,
His hat and hands he madly waved.

Alas! Alas! he'd not run far,
Before the vision disappeared;
His heart grew faint, and hope was dead,
And dancing fiends drew near and
jeered—

'Twas a mirage! 'Twas a mirage!

One day a man went stumbling 'cross
The desert of his forlorn life,
A sun of loneliness beat down
Upon his soul and caused him strife.

He was a discontented man.

No one had he to share his ills;

He felt that he would rather die

Than keep a pace that hurts and kills.

Just then a creature crossed his path.

The loveliest thing he'd ever seen;

He lost his heart, he sought her out,

And hope within his soul did beam.

She seemed to him just fresh from

The realms of bliss, and oh, that face

was so fresh, so glowing, it was fair.

And he thought her face a work of grace.

So he was the first of his kind,

And he found her to be of a taste

More than more could be desired.

And when a hair was out of place,

He would never mind so happy any!

She looked to him like a pale divine!

So he was the first of his kind, and there

He found her to be a thing of fire.

And he was the first of his kind, and he

Found her to be a thing of fire, and he

Found her to be a thing of fire, and he

Found her to be a thing of fire, and he

Found her to be a thing of fire, and he

Found her to be a thing of fire, and he

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Found her to be a thing of fire, and he

Found her to be a thing of fire, and he

Found her to be a thing of fire, and he

ARIZONY, A QUEER PLACE

O H, listen to my little ditty!
I've just been down to Arizony,
And what I saw and heard and felt there
Is known to those alone who've dwelt there.

Well, Arizony's quite a place;
I'm glad I got back with my face,
For many a man has gone that way,
And now awaits the Judgment Day.

In Arizony it gets hot;
Men lie, who say that it does not;
Hens, boiled eggs for people lay—
Soft in the morn; hard at midday.

The cows give sweet milk at the dawn,
But buttermilk a few hours on,
Refrigerated meat and such
Make hot tomares by a touch.

The preachers don't talk much of hell,
Because they fear the people'd tell
Their neighbors 'bout that cooler clime,
And all would rush there 'fore their time.

Old Arizony's quite a place;
The moonshine freckles, tans one's face;
The rivers sleep beneath their beds,
And toads have horns upon their heads.

The desert's barren, but the soil,
If watered, richly repays toil.
Small rabbits into jacks do leap
By breathing dust and drinking deep.

And earthworms that the soil doth roam,
Finding therein food and a home,
If irrigated by the rains,
Develop for themselves fair brains.

And bees that spend much time outdoors,
Where sunshine fiercely on them pours,
Are changed—and this is no lie—
Become part bee and part firefly.

And so their owner profits make,
For they are always quite awake,
And work by day and by the night
Because they carry their own light.

And strawberries, if grafted neat
On milk weed and a sugar beet,
Will for the grafters—'tis no dream—
Yield sugar, berries, and rich cream.

Now this is what they told me there,
I'd not deny it—did not dare,
For Arizony's a queer place
In products, ways and human race.

LOVE'S DREAM SHATTERED

"Fleas breed and thrive in the sands of the
sea shore."

THE sea was tranquil, and the moon
Silvered the crest of the waves.
A soft-voiced wind made love to the trees,
And sang of true love in the caves.

A maiden quite fair with tresses quite rare,
Sat on the shore, and looked and listened.
Her lover sat near, and feasted on her
His eyes till they sparkled and glistened.

Her beautiful tresses had slipped,
And framed of her beautiful eyes
A picture that he'll not forget,
Though past him a century flies.

They sat in the sand, and he knew
That he loved her, he loved her, true;
But how could he tell her, and find
If hope lay back of those eyes so blue?

By way of suggestion he built
A cottage of sticks and of sand;
She took it all in at a glance,
And he took hold of her hand.

Till then self-possession she'd shown—
A calmness that drove him 'most wild;
But now she was nervous, confused,
And his heart—oh, it danced like a child.

"I love you! I love you!" he cried,

"Oh, won't you be mine, my dear heart?
Your nervous condition gives hope;
Oh say the word, yes; not, depart."

She looked at him coldly. He froze.

"Get up," she said, "up from your knees!
My nervousness is not from love,
It's caused by the fleas! Oh, the fleas!"

BE DAUNTED NOT

BE daunted not
Because there is so much to do,
And so little time in which
To do it;

Nor yet because there is so much to learn,
And so little time in which
To learn it;

But spring to your task, and stick
And you will
Do it, do it!

SILVER LININGS

AND darkness covered all the deep;
The earth was void and without form
Until God spoke those magic words,
"Let there be light," and light was born.

Then God established for all time
The order of the night and day;
'Tis not the night that follows light,
But light that drives the night away.

So 'twas ordained when things began,
And so 'twill be until the close;
Light is the master of the night;
Light will conquer all its foes.

In the beginning darkness reigned;
Now, follows a procession of
Days hard upon the heels of night,
And night's forever on the move.

In that Great Day when comes the end,
All darkness will forever flee,
For it is written in God's word,
"There'll be no night, there'll be no sea."

But even now there is no night
That's wholly dark. It is relieved
By rays of stars, by rays of moon—
More numerous than we've believed.

'Tis only he who's blind, who walks
In total darkness night or day;
He who has eyes to see will see
At least some light along his way.

Is it's order that God's made
For man, in darkness in the earth
So the order of man's life
Will follow until the dawn of birth?

Is human destiny, with all
Its shadows and its sunny hours,
An ever forward movement toward
Eternal light, unfolding powers?

And are there no hours wholly dark?
Is there some light somewhere about,
Some ray of bright encouragement
If we but search to find it out?

Aye! Aye! 'tis only he who wills
To close his eyes and grope his way,
Who finds life only dull and dark—
Whose heart ne'er sounds a roundelay.

There is some light; indeed, there's much—
Much more than we may realize—
Of brightness in the darkest hours,
Of silver in the sodden skies.

Then let our hearts be filled with cheer,
Give faith and hope a strong, swift wing;
Be not cast down, be not o'ercome
By anything! by anything!

THE CANTALOUPE HERDER

This poem was suggested by a story in *The Man From Yesterday*, by Mr. Will H. Robinson.

BOOTED and spurred and a oanted well,
A man rode down the town's main
street:

Frapped-out was he with all the gear
That makes a cow-boy, head to feet.

A tenderfoot accosted him,
And asked if he a cow-boy were;
"Well, yes and no," the man replied,
"I used to punch the cattle, sir.

But since the farmers have begun
To raise them cantaloupes, by gad!
I've gone to herding them, I have,
And it's the roughest work I've had."

"No herding cantaloupes, say, man!"
The tenderfoot with warmth exclaimed,
"You mean you're herding *antelopes*—
Your work you surely have mis-named."

"No, I have not mis-named my work;
I said exactly what I mean;
I'm herding cantaloupes, and it's
Far more exciting than 'twould seem."

"We'll tell me, pray, what need there is
Of herding cantaloupes out here?
I think I must not understand
The terms you use—they seem so queer!"

"Well, if you'd see me at my work,
You very soon would understand
The nature of the work I do,
And also something of the land.

"To do the work I have to do
Requires a horse of fleetest foot,
A rider also who can throw
A rope just where it should be put.

"You see, the soil's so rich and strong,
And vines grow at a rate so fast
That melons run out of the field,
And must be roped," the herder gasped.

"That's what we herders have to do,
And let me tell you without frills,
It takes hard riding to catch them
When they get started toward the hills."

ONLY ONCE IN A LIFETIME

OUT there in that Arizona
They will tell you there's no rain.
But "upon a midnight dreary
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door,"
 'Twas merely rain and
 Nothing more.

It was raining still at sunrise,
It was raining when it set,
And the night and day that followed
Were o'er hung with clouds so solid
That the stars and moon and sun, sir
Never showed their faces once, sir!
When I raved and when I swore,
 Quoth the native,
 "Ne'er before!"

"Well, perhaps this is the first time,"
Said I in a doubtful tone;
Then the native eyed me dove-like,
So honestly and love-like,
Seemed so hurt to think I'd doubted,
But he was by no means routed,
"If it has been thus before,"
 Quoth the native,
 "Nevermore!"

THE VALLEY OF THE SALT

L YING 'neath a great blue dome, and
Walled by mountains all around
Rests a Valley, newly found.

Round about is a great desert,
Bleak and barren as can be,
Like a rolling storm-tossed sea.

Once a part of this great desert,
Was the Valley of the Salt,
But it's now a treasure vault.

Grim, deserted, and forbidding,
Undisturbed, it lay at rest,
Yielding nothing that is best.

Naught but Red Skins trailed across it
And the wild things which they sought,
But they gave it not a thought.

Thus in desolation lay it
Wailing, yearning for a hand
That would touch it with a wand.

Weary, weary was the waiting,
Moons and moons waxed full and waned,
Still its solitude remained.

Then the white man, pressing westward,
On its mountain borders stood
And beheld that it was good.

Stopped he here and lit his camp-fire,
Pitched his tent and ceased to roam,
Broke the soil and made a home.

Brought he then the limped water,
Quenched the Valley's burning thirst,
And its bonds of dryness burst.

To his magic touch the Valley
Smiled and blossomed like a rose,
And with richness now o'erflows.

Farms and homes and hamlets, cities,
Sheep and cattle, hay and wheat,
Thrive now where was once mesquite

Happy, thrifty, are the people,
Moving forward without halt,
In the Valley of the Salt.

WHY?

CAN you tell me? Do you know
Why a boy will run away
And swim in mud holes full of filth,
And say he's had a perfect day?

But ask him just to wash his face
In water that is fresh and clean,
And he will whine and put it off
As if abused, as if you're mean.

Can you tell me why our Joe
Will work for Neighbor So-and-So
Every minute of the day
Without a pain or stub of toe?

And why when working round his home,
Although his pay is just the same,
He squanders half or more his time
And never fails to turn up lame.

He gets a pain in his hind legs;
The sun's so hot it makes him faint:
The tools are never fit to use,
They'd try the patience of a saint.

Now can you tell me why it's thus?
Why boys will wallow like a pig?
And suffer so from work at home,
Although they're healthy, strong and big?

It is a queer philosophy,
That seems to have them in its hold:
It was not so when we were boys,
Nor will it be when they get old.

YOU LAUGHED AT US

YOU laughed at us some years ago
When we full statehood sought.
Such thing you deemed ridiculous;
Absurd, the very thought.

"What! Arizona a full state?
The equal of the likes of us?
With men in Congress with a vote?
Perish the thought! Preposterous!

"Twere almost the equivalent
Of taking Satan and his hord
Into the counsels of the Blest
With open arms, acclaimed, adored."

At first you tried to tie us up
With that New Mexico;
To make us tail to fly her kiter.
But we'd not have it so.

We wanted statehood by ourselves,
And if you thought you'd find
Us willing to be under dog,
You didn't know our kind.

We don't today a second horn
In anybody's band;
To play the lead, we head the line,
Where as we are we take our stand.

So we'll come to be a state
Unaided and all alone,
And we'll sing our hymn of praise
To the Lord, singing it from now on.

Our churches, schools, our banks, our laws,
Our farms, our mines, our timber land,
Our men, our women, and our homes
Command respect on ev'ry hand.

Who laughs at Arizona now?
Not they who see or read or know.
'Tis only they who're ignorant
Or they who are our foe.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THE good old days, the good old days!
Alas! alas! are going—gone!
And Arizona's dead, by jing—
We set about and stretch and yawn

*Tain't like it was a few years back
When I first hit the Lost Gulch trail.
And wandered into camp at dusk,
And found the people mostly male.

There won't no p'licemen and the like
A-hangin' round and buttin' in.
And cuttin' down one's liberties
As there is now; it is a sin.

A high-toned yap from way back East,
With notions wholly out of date,
Once pompously came into camp,
And started to reform our gait.

Well, he just went to sleep one day,
And his alarm forgot to set,
And if you go way up the gulch,
You'll find him there. He's sleepin' yet.

Oh, them was days worth livin' in!
For somethin' went on every night.
And when the pay-day came around,
The goin's-on were out of sight.

But now, by heck, it all is changed.
Old Arizony's gone to smash;
The bottom's dropped clean out of her;
Things have been queered—she's lost her
dash.

A lot of new laws have been made :
In fact, we've fallen into ruts,
And every thing's went to the dogs,
There's nothin' doin'—well, not much.

But sometimes us old-timers yet
Get things warmed up and goin' some,
But hole smoke! 'tain't like it was—
'Tis just a shadder of real fun.

Why, sir, they've drove the gamblers out,
And won't allow a "lady" to
Go in saloons—and all such rot ;
Now what the deuce we g'in' to do?

A man can't tote a shootin' iron,
With which to shoot a little meat ;
Nor darsn't take all he can drink,
Unless he's steady on his feet.

Now what's the use of gettin' drunk,
Unless you get drunk through and
through?

A man whose feet are sober hain't
Had more'n half-enough. What say you?

I'm gettin' mighty tired of this
Curtailin' of one's liberty,
Of tellin' him how much to drink,
And what he can and cannot be.

THE SUNSET

NO wonder men of old fell down,
And worshiped at the shrine
Of heaven's sun.—majestic orb!—
And thought it quite divine.

I feel like bowing low myself
When evening's falling round,
And God's great painter sweeps his brush
Where sky and clouds abound.

In presence of the setting sun
When it goes down sublime,
I feel myself uplifted high,
And separate from time.

Behold! ye artists, poets, all.—
Behold! and be inspired.
Let Nature teach, and Nature hold
When other things have tired.

No wonder men of old fell down,
And worshiped at the shrine
Of heaven's sun.—majestic orb!—
And thought it quite divine.

A COLD HEART

BREATHES there a man with soul so
dead.

Who never to a girl hath said,
"You are my darling, sweetheart, love,
My angel, life, and turtle dove?"
If so, if so, go mark him well,
For he is fully capable
Of treason, stratagems, and all
The crimes that any can recall.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead?
Let him at restaurants be fed,
And when his buttons are detached,
Pin up his clothes and be hard scratched.
Let him wear socks that are not darned—
Except by words—let him be warned!
Breathes there a man with soul so dead?
He should be sockless, scratched, unfed.

Go forth, and on him put this seal:
Do not molest, let no one steal,
For one whose heart's so cold—oh well!
With marble statues ought to dwell:
And when his indigestion's bad
(As it will be), and he is sad,
Then to the statue let him go
And find cold comfort for his woe.

ROOM! ROOM!

ROOM! room! God give me room!
Room to breathe, to think, to do!
I hate to be a duplicate,

A copy, echo, or such thing.

If faces two are not alike,

Nor voices, steps, nor thumbs,

God must have meant that each of us

Should from the rest be different

In thought and action and in life.

He says we're sons, not slaves,

Which means that we have liberty!

When will you find any man be bound

By customs or traditions of

Some other's neighbor does?

Each has his sphere, his throne,

and from the past it's different:

and he himself the doer.

He must live and suffer—or rejoice.

Don't stand up in me then your views,

or use my argument in favor of

something "to be, it used to be."

"Used to be" that many men

believed the earth was motionless,

and that the stars fixed destiny,

and "used to be," so a man "ere

was wrong

and the things they thought were right

and they were are wrong today.

Don't let me be bound in thought

by what the past has said,

Nor haunted by the present.

All grises must go through my own mill,

And bear my stamp, "approved."

For it is better one should think,

And find himself gone wide the mark,

Than not to think at all.

To be a mere automaton,
And follow beaten paths
May be by far the easier way
And safest—who will say?—
But I would rather blaze a trail,
And sooner far get lost
And wander round for days and days
Than merely do what others do,
And wear their yoke and bear its gail.

I'd sooner be a pioneer,
And cut the underbrush,
And feel the thorn and brier's scratch
Than follow after when it's done,
And loll in ease, a figure-head,
A thoughtless thing, a parasite.

I hate to be a copy
Of what's around or gone before.
I want to feel I'm justified
When writing down my name,
To start it with a capital,
Which signifies that I'm distinct
From every other man.

Room! room for my own self to grow
According to its elements!
Room! room for breath and thought and act!
Room! room! God give me room,
And let me be my own true self.

LAWS OF THE SOUTHWEST

THE two great laws of the Southwest
That every man must know and keep
If he would hold his soul on earth,
And save himself from sorrow, deep,
Are these (now mark them well): The first,
Mend your own business,—all, not part,—
And like unto it is the next,
Do not at any time get smart.

THE COLONEL

THE Colonel was a dried-up man ;
A gruff and sour old man was he ;
With all his neighbors he had quarreled,
And friendly, he'd not let them be.

The Colonel had a squeaky voice,
And through his nose his words he'd
drawl.
And add to certain words he used
An extra sound, a syllable.

For instance, Colonel had a mare
Whose name was Sal, just plain old Sal,
But Colonel called her Sal-en-uh,
In field, or street, or in corral.

This speech of his was very queer,
And youngsters would him often mock
Just for the fun of hearing him
Cuss them with his peculiar talk.

Sometimes he'd chase them just as far
As his old stiffened, wobbly pegs
Would carry him ; but 'twas no use
To try to catch their swift young legs.

An Ishmaelite the Colonel was ;
He'd quarrel about the slightest thing
With neighbor or with boy or girl
Or horse or cow or anything.

One day the Colonel and old Sal
Were plowing corn down by the creek ;
She stepped upon some half-grown stalks,
And Colonel did some bad words speak.

Into a passion he did fly,

And, of his temper, words were born,
Which we shall not attempt to tell—
About her stepping on the corn.

"You Sal-en-uh! You Sal-en-uh!"

He yelled like one who'd lost his sense,
"I'll bust your old hide open wide
When we get out to that rail fence."

And when they came to that rail fence,
The Colonel's plans for busting Sal
Were fully formed. They were unique,
Indeed, they were original.

He'd climb up to the topmost rail
And spring far up into the air,
And then come down with all his weight
Upon the back of the o'd mare.

And thus he'd almost break her back;
He'd make her grunt, he'd make her
groan.

He'd knock her insides out of place
And jar her loose in ev'ry bone.

Well, to the topmost rail he climbed,
And sprang far up into the air,
But when he came down from his flight,
Sal wasn't there, she wasn't there.

She stepped aside when he leaped up,
And down he came clear to the ground;
It jarred his innards, wrenched his bones;
He hadn't breath to make a sound.

He gasped and writhed and fought for
breath

Until, at length, it came once more;
And then he gathered up himself,
That bruised and battered and that sore,

That all the fight was gone from him.

He limped off toward the house in pain,
And Sal walked solemnly behind,
As if it were a fun'ral train.

But Sal-en-uh no mourner was,

Despite her solemn attitude.
In fact, she secretly rejoiced
At Colonel's downfall and his mood.

TEMPE

TEMPE is a little city,
But she has a wide renown;
She exerts a potent influence
In every hamlet, city, town.

Tempe holds within her hand-clasp
More of Arizona's weal
Than any other of our cities—
All to her must humbly kneel.

It is here the State's great Normal
Institution, day and night,
Works to turn out skilled teachers
For our schools, the State's delight.

Teachers that go forth from her tower,
Here and yon and everywhere,
Power to shape the whole State's future—
We've a care! Oh, have a care!

At 900, Tempe, we are looking
For the noblest, for the best,
For that kind of man and woman
That will meet the highest test.

Men and women who think nobly,
Who see life not as a jest,
Who are worthy and true-hearted,
Who move forward with a zest.

Shall we look in vain, O Tempe?
No! We have full confidence
That you're true to your commission,
Now, and will be ever hence.

SALT RIVER VALLEY

BEAUTIFUL valley of sunshine!
Home of the orange and grapevine:
Land of alfalfa and cotton—
Beautiful valley of sunshine!

Silken winds journeying slowly,
Water abundantly streaming,
Soil of great depth and great richness—
Beautiful valley a-gleaming!

Happy and thrifty the people,
Droning no song of resentment,
Abundance crowning their labors—
Beautiful in its contentment!

Beautiful, beautiful Valley!
Manifold is its fruition,
Throbbing with life and with visions—
Beautiful is its ambition!

KEEPING AWAKE IN CHURCH

HAVE you heard of Greek Prometheus,
Who was chained fast to a rock,
And left there among the mountains
Where the starving vultures flock?

Daily came a sharp-billed vulture,
And it daily gnawed its way
Deep into his quiv'ring vitals
While he, bound and helpless, lay.

Night restored again his vitals,
But with light, the bird of prey
Came again unto his feasting;
Thus went the night, thus the day.

Have you heard how Red Skins torture
Prisoners taken in a raid?
How they tie them in an ant bed
When there's ne'er escape or aid?

Insects crawling, insects eating,
With no moment of surcease
Till the hand of Death in mercy
Breaks the bonds and gives release.

These tortures I've no doubt but
You have heard with harrowed soul;
You have shrunk in horror from them,
Prayed for protection from such goal.

But I'll now a story tell you
That drives terror to my soul—
Terror greater than Prometheus'—
Greater than an insect's hole.

It's about one Sunday morning
When the earth the sun did bake—
How I went to church with Mary,
How I tried to keep awake.

Have you ever had a spell of
Sleeping when you sat in church?
Then I need't try to tell you
How the devils wield the birch—

How your eyelids droop in spite of
Every effort you put forth—
How your head gets out of balance,
Pitching south and pitching north.

How you'd give your rare belongings,
House and lands and money, too,
And almost your hope of heaven
For a bed instead of pew.

How you feel as if you're drowning!
Sinking, sinking 'neath the wave!
Not a straw for you to grasp at,
Not a hand stretched out to save.

Oh that struggle! 'Tis heart rending!
Terror gleams within the eye!
Fiendish faces dance before you!
It were easier to die.

O ye gods! for just one moment's
Rest within the land of dreams!
Just one moment of ecstatic
Floating 'mong the moon's soft beams!

Thus it was that Sunday morning
That sleep did me overtake;
Thus I felt and thus I suffered
As I tried to keep awake.

Up until that Sunday morning
Wife and I had lived in peace;
But that day came very nearly
Causing that blest state to cease.

Ev'ry time I fell to dozing,
And just crossed the borderland,
She would nudge me with her elbow
In the ribs. Or with her hand

She would touch me where I'm ticklish,
And from heaven bring me back
To an agony and torture
Worse than lying on a rack.

Weep not, then, for Greek Prometheus;
Weep not for the Red Skin's prey;
Rather weep for him who's sleepy;
Weep for him whose wife says, "nay!"

Take my wife and take my children,
Break my heart and let me weep,
If you'll only let me slumber,
When in church I want to sleep.

PRESCOTT

If you like a perfect climate
 When the summer's at its blast,
 If you like to get a smile on
 That for weeks and weeks will last,
 Go to Prescott! Go to Prescott!

If you like an elevation,
 That's a mile up in the skies,
 With its energy, enthralling,
 And its cheering enterprise,
 Go to Prescott! Go to Prescott!

If you wish to see a city
 That is beautiful, that's fair,
 With a setting in the mountains
 That's exquisite, that is rare,
 Go to Prescott! Go to Prescott!

If you find the summer sultry,
 If by heat you are oppressed,
 If your energy has oozed out,
 If your life has lost its zest,
 Go to Prescott! Go to Prescott!

If your joints are rough and stiffened,
 If your muscles lag at work,
 If your brain is fagged and weary,
 If your nerves have too much jerk,
 Go to Prescott! Go to Prescott!

If you want an outdoors handy
 That inspires the brush or pen,
 If you like to go and rest where
 You will want to go again,
 Go to Prescott! Go to Prescott!

Prescott has the healing sunshine,
 Prescott has the balmy air
 And the mountains and the pine trees,
 Antedotes for ills and care,
 Go to Prescott! Go to Prescott!

WHAT MAKES ARIZONA FAMOUS

THE tin can and old baling wire,
The tin-horn and the cheerful liar,
And water that is known as fire,
And men disowned by friends and sire—
These once made Arizona famous.

But now its fame rests on the rate
The railroads charge for fare and freight
And on the way the boosters prate
About the future of the state—
These now make Arizona famous.

SKY TRAILS

I N olden days the two chief routes,
By which men left the Territory,
Were known as "Sky Trails," and were
built

Of lead, of hemp; so runs the story.

And it is said by those who know,
That travel on these routes was quicker
Than any other in the land,
And tickets furnished without dicker.

WINTER IN THE SOUTHWEST

UP from the Southland,
Crossing the desert,
Warmed by a sunlight
That leaves no raw edges,
There come those soft breezes
Throughout the whole winter
That make of our Southwest
A paradise truly.

We read of wild blizzards
That cut like sharp daggers,
Of snow storms and freezes
That sweep with their fierceness
The homes of our neighbors
That lie all around us.

We read of these things, but
We scarcely believe them,
For here in our Southwest,
'Tis sunshine and brightness,
'Tis soft winds and gentle,
'Tis flowers and green fields
Wherever man plants them,
And winter, sweet winter
Is full of earth's blessings.

O glorious Southwest!
O winters, ideal!
Here life is worth living,
Here in this blest region,
Here in this great out-doors
Where frost is sweet tempered—
Here life is a pleasure,
Here is a great treasure,
Here's joy without measure.

Who says that our Southwest
By God was forgotten?
He's out of his mind, and
He's talking at random;
He's chilled at the heart by
An internal frost nip.

Forgotten? Forgotten?
No! 'tis an illusion;
God's smile is upon us,
And out of his coffers
Flow streams of great riches
Throughout the whole winter.

Who says we're forgotten?
If he will come hither,
Away from his freezes
And snow storms and blizzards—
Away from bleak days and
The skies that are sunless.
One day of our beautiful
Southwestern winter.
That's better'n a thousand
That may be found elsewhere.
Will prove to him plainly
That we're the remembered.

Bright Southwestern winter!
We hail thee, we love thee,
We would not exchange thee
Thy soft going breezes,
Thy skies that are cloudless,
Thy sunshine and brightness,
Thy flowers and green fields,
Thy bird songs and bee hums —
O Southwestern winter!
We would not exchange thee
For any that's offered
By lands that surround us;
You yield us a pleasure
That's joy beyond measure.

THE TYPISTS

TWO maidens, fair, with darksome hair,
Ticked off these lines on a machine;
To them we owe our thanks, and so
We write it here where 't can be seen.

These maidens fair, with darksome hair,
Are types of that great host of girls
Who're to the fore and at the core
Of business where it seeths and whirls.

In former days, the men had ways
Of thinking they could run affairs,
And lorded it for quite a bit
O'er womankind, like grizzly bears.

But Oh, dear me! what now we see
Is man set back in second place:
And women are, both near and far,
Holding the reins, winning the race.

Where'er you go, you find it so:
Connected with all great success,
You're sure to find that girl behind
It is some woman's brightness.

If men do not guard well their lot,
The girls and women, at a leap,
Will take the earth and all its worth,
And men will work for board and keep.

OVERDRAWN

I drew a check upon the bank,
But very soon it was returned,
Marked, "Insufficient funds to pay."
Chagrined was I, and my cheeks burned.

I needed money, Oh, so bad!
And frankly told the bankers so.
But they declined to pay the check,
And I was left to face my woe.

And I am wondering now if when
I come to my last day on earth,
And draw my check on Heaven's bank,
To pay for passage and a berth

Upon the ferry that runs 'cross
The stream between death's night and
Dawn,
If it will come back and be marked,
"Much overdrawn, much overdrawn."

I'm wondering if the treasures that
I've laid up in that World Beyond,
Will gain for me admission there,
Or if my wife must go my bond.

OVER THE RANGE

THE sun hung low in the western sky,
And the frescoed clouds were blazing
 with glory;
The winds in the pine trees were singing a
 song,
And a whippoorwill whistled away down
 the creek,
As if he were telling his mate a glad story
But up on the mountainside, in our old camp,
That stood just beside the hole where we
 were trying
To strike the pay dirt that would make us
 both rich,
No gladness was there, for my old pard Bill,
Who with me had been through thick and
 thin—was dying.
We had grub-staked together for years and
 years;
And I followed the call and the lure of
 gold
Over mountain and desert, through cold and
 heat,
Through burning thirst, and with frozen
 feet,
So long and so far that we now had grown
 old.
But the passion remained, though the gods
 had denied
Us a strike of the metal that warms a
 man's heart,
And maybe—who knows? perhaps it's as
 well,
For many's the man that a strike's sent to
 hell,
And many a friendship it's broken apart.

But now we have come to the parting of
ways.

And Bill is a-hitting the trail for that range
That screens from our vision the Land of
the Dead.

There all men are judged for their deeds, so
it's said,

And soon he will pass in his checks for
exchange.

Well, here it is to you, my old partner, Bill.

I'm watching you go up the long, steep
bill.

And I will go with you as far as I can.

You need have no fear, you've been a
square man.

You've played the game fairly, that's
what you have, Bill.

The camp-fire is dying; I'll throw on some
wood;

I think that will warm you—What's this?
A change?

You're breathing some easier now, old pard.

Perhaps you'll stay with me, my good
trump-card—

BILL—O Bill!—My God! Bill's over the
range.

RENEWAL

A rubber band that's stretched just once
Is never so small again,
And the harder its stretched, and the longer
its held,
The larger it will remain.

And so it is with man and his life:
If he strains himself to grasp what's big,
He'll never be so little again,
Nor will he among the shallows dig.

And the harder he strains to grasp what's
big,
And the longer he holds himself hard
there,
The bigger he will forever be,
And for bigger things he'll care.

Who who satisfies himself with what
is trivial and easy gained
Will he himself be trivial,
Weak-kneed and rattle-brained.

So let it be so of him who pulls for it,
Who lifts the weight that bends him down,
Who grasps the big, the way-up-high,
Who holds his big there—thus comes renewal.

THE ROUND-UP

I N that Round-up of the ages
When men come from sea and land,
And shall be in bunches gathered,
Who'll get you? What is your brand?

For the Lake of Brimstone outfit,
Foreman Lucifer will be on hand;
And the Pearly Gates concern'll
Have their Gabriel head the band.

Therefore while you're yet out ranging,
Browsing here and browsing there,
Better think about the round-up—
How you'll feel and how you'll fare.

If you're running with old Satan's
Herd and grazing on his range,
He will get you in the round up,
Sure is that. There'll be no change.

It won't be no use to stampede
Or break out,—dismiss such hopes,—
For the Devil's cow-boys, surely,
Will overtake you with their ropes.

'Tain't no use to change your ear-marks,
Or to try to blot your brand;
They will show up in the round-up,
And your owner'll be on hand.

He will ship you 'cross the border
To the slaught'ring pens of hell,
And what then to you will happen,
Who can tell? Oh, who can tell?

THE SQUAW-MAN

AN Indian woman lay dying.
The wife of a white man was she;
To him she'd been true in her Indian way,
And to her he had been what he ought
to be.

Despite the taunts that men sometimes
Had thrown at him in ridicule,
And urged him to cast her away with a
sling,
As a man would do with an out-worn tool.

And take him a wife of the white man's
breed—
Despite what they said and the more that
they thought,
He made her a home and was kind in his
ways.
For her love he had won, and her soul he
had bought.

A sad thing she was when he followed her
trail
And shared her with words that were low
and were sweet.
And fair was her face and attractive her
form—
The fairest a man in her tribe would e'er
meet.

And now she lay dying he sat at her side:
The hours were but few before they must
part.
Her love for him shone upon his face in her
eyes
And he chafed his fist he'd not broken
her faith.



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